



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

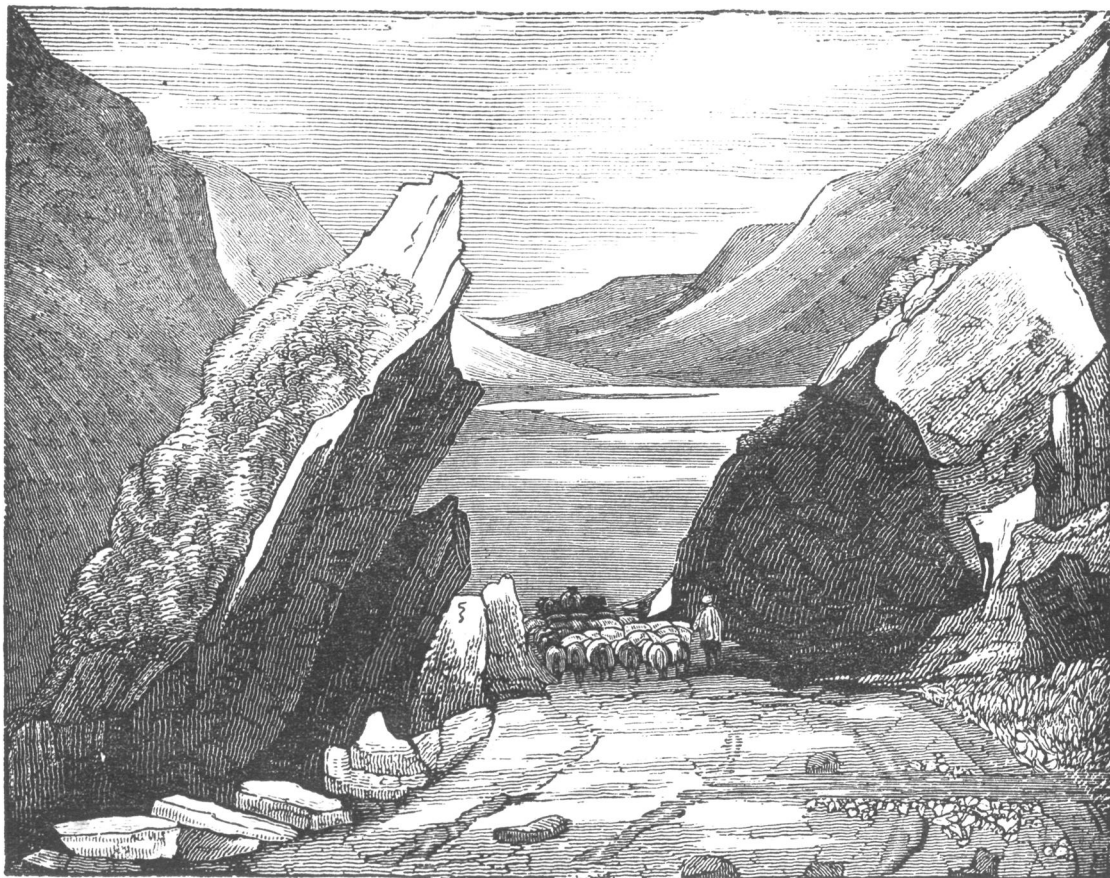
THE
DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY P. DIXON HARDY, M.R.I.A.

Vol. IV.

JULY 18, 1835.

No. 159.



PIKE OF THE GAP OF DUNLOE, COUNTY OF KERRY.

Near the bridge which crosses the Laune, after it quits the Lower Lake of Killarney, stands the Castle of Dunloe, raising its ancient battlements above the mass of dense foliage in which it is embosomed. It seems to have been originally erected for the double purpose of guarding the pass of the river, and a defile in the neighbouring mountain chain, with which it is backed. Perched on the summit of a small conical hill, the point of which has been cut away to afford space for the buildings, its position enabled it to set at defiance the puny machinery of war that could be brought against it previously to the invention of artillery. During the insurrection of the Earl of Desmond, in the unsettled reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, it suffered considerably, but was restored to its ancient state of defence about the time of Sir George Carew's administration in Munster. In the course of the succeeding civil war, in 1641, it was besieged by the parliamentary forces under Ludlow, when the gallant defence made by its inmates brought on the demolition of the greater part of it, from the violence of the bombardment. It has not, however, suffered the fate of too many of the baronial structures in this country, by being left exposed and neglected to the injuries of time, and the dilapidation of the neighbouring peasantry; on the contrary, it has been judiciously repaired by its proprietor, Major Mahony, who, while he modernised it sufficiently to make it a residence adequate to the improved state of domestic society of the

present day, has retained enough of the ancient structure to preserve the character of gloomy and military grandeur, so attractive to the antiquarian and to the lover of the picturesque. Itself a fine object, standing forth as it does in a prominent point of the landscape, it commands from its summit a magnificent range of scenery, both mountainous and champaign, the more pleasing because the abundance of the surrounding woods prevents any extended prospect from the lower apartments.

The pass, of which the castle was the key, lies between the mountains of Tomies and M'Gillycuddy's Reeks. It is approached by a well-constructed mountain road. The hills on each side of the opening, which are but lesser projections of the great mountain masses whence they originate, are called the Holly and Bull mountains. At the entrance into the gap these mountains close into a narrow fissure, with its sides nearly perpendicular. On penetrating a little way, the eye rests on a romantic glen, with a small lake in its centre, the waters of which derive an appearance of extreme darkness from the shadow of the lofty mountain that overhangs it. As the visiter proceeds, the valley contracts, until he attains a pass so confined that there is scarcely room for the scanty pathway which leads him through it. The sides here rise precipitously; the rocks at bottom are flung around in scattered disjointed masses, while those above seem to denounce immediate destruction to the stranger who ventures to intrude into

this solitude of desolation. The effect of a thunder-storm is here sublime. A small stream insinuates itself through the whole of the chasm, across which two bridges, of a structure correspondent with the general character of the place, have been thrown.

The entire glen, about four miles in length, from the entrance to the vale of Coomaduff, opens into a long extended tract of low land, surrounded by elevated grounds, and having, at its western extremity, a very considerable lough called the Red Trout Lake. Opposite the termination of the Gap is a fine waterfall, of considerable height, and also enjoying the advantage, not common with other falls in Ireland, of being always plentifully supplied. Its waters serve to feed a succession of small lakes, studded with verdant islets, occupying the whole length of the valley.

Remarkable as the Gap of Dunloe is for its romantic scenery, it is not less so for its agricultural qualities, presenting one among many of the remarkable combinations of luxuriant fertility of soil with great wildness of scenic character peculiar to Ireland. To a considerable height along their sides the mountains that form the pass are clothed with a rich variety of wholesome herbage, on which sheep could not fail to fatten; yet Mr. Radcliff, the celebrated agriculturist, states, that not a sheep is to be seen here, though much of the mountain side, inaccessible to black cattle from its steepness, is singularly calculated for sheep or goats. This is strange.

SCENERY OF IRELAND.*

To whatsoever or whomsoever we are indebted for it, there can be no question that at the present moment Ireland enjoys a greater share of the attention and regard of the British public than it ever did at any former period of its history. In the senate—in the writings of literary and scientific men, on its past and present condition, its minerals, its inhabitants, its capabilities, and its necessities; and we are happy to be able to add, in the efforts of the pencil, by individuals well qualified to delineate its beauties, and to pourtray those ever-varying characteristics of "the romantic and the sublime" so apparent throughout the island. To whatever cause this may be attributable, there can be no question that the country is much indebted to those spirited publishers in our city who have within these few years presented to the view of our English and Scottish neighbours, through the medium of "Pictures" and "Guides," so many portions of the country worthy of the traveller's notice; as well as by the publication of such volumes as "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," and "Tales of Ireland," each in their way well calculated to give a just impression of the Irish character. Indeed, were it not that our modesty would interfere, we should feel no hesitation in taking a fair proportion of the merit to ourselves, as we are persuaded that even in this way "THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL" has been no inefficient means of opening up the beauties and natural curiosities of the country, to many who, not long since, had scarcely an idea that Ireland possessed one-half the attractions or beauty of which it can with justice boast.

Our attention has been called to the subject before us by the appearance of the fourth number of one of the most interesting works which has for a length of time issued from the Irish press. It is entitled, "Illustrations of the Landscape and Coast Scenery of Ireland," a work which we have no hesitation in pronouncing to be deserving of the patronage of every one anxious to promote the good of the country, by turning the attention of strangers to it in the most favourable point of view, as well as by those who would wish to give encouragement to native artists, and to see the efforts of the pen and the pencil devoted to subjects at once useful, and gratifying in a very high degree, to our national feelings.

* Illustrations of the Landscape and Coast Scenery of Ireland, from Drawings by George Petrie, R.H.A., A. Nicholl, and H. O'Neill. Dublin: W. F. Wakeman.

The publication was designed and undertaken by Mr. Wakeman, who has engaged three of the most respectable artists in their line to carry it into effect—Mr. Petrie, Mr. Nicholl, and Mr. O'Neill. Already four numbers of the work have appeared, each containing three views, coloured from the original drawings; and, generally speaking, the sketches do credit to the talents of the gentlemen concerned. Indeed, the style in which the entire has been got out, reflects credit on the publisher and on the country; and we trust that many, from the recommendation we are enabled thus to give it, may be induced to subscribe for the publication, as a national work, and one that should be supported by every friend to Ireland.

As a specimen of the letter-press which accompanies the plates, we have copied from the work the descriptions of the two engravings which appear in our present number. The sketches which we give were made expressly for our Journal by Mr. Nicholl. That of Googane Barra, it will be seen, is only a portion of the view given in the "Illustrations," taken by Mr. Petrie. Our view is faithful to nature, so far as it goes; but the little island appears to much greater advantage when placed among the rude and magnificent scenery with which Mr. Petrie has surrounded it, and to which the description refers.

The Address of the publisher, in his prospectus, contains so much of truth and feeling, that we give it entire; and in some future number shall, by copying one or two of the engravings, endeavour again to interest the public in favour of the work.

"It has long been subject of surprise, that while British scenery has been rendered so familiar to the public, that there is scarce a spot of picturesque interest from Cornwall to Caithness, on which the hands of great painters have not repeated one another, until the scenic interest of the country is almost exhausted, Ireland, abounding in the richest subjects of the art, has hitherto remained, in point of pictorial illustration, so little known.

"That some of the more celebrated features of Irish landscape have been consecrated by the pencils and gravers of distinguished artists, is not sought to be disputed; nor could the anomaly above stated be longer alleged, were the island at large so fortunate; but efforts, however individually excellent, if desultory, and in themselves unequal, can never supply the grand defect of a uniform series of illustration, exhibiting, as a whole, the entire range of Irish characteristic scenery, from the dewy verdure of the Dingle, to the grey, august sterility of Fair Head.

"Perhaps no country of its extent can afford to the eye of the painter a more varied field of subject than our own. Here the long swell of the Atlantic, unbroken from the coasts of Labrador, bursts upon granite bastions, or basaltic colonnades; there, smooth as a mirror, the inland sea lies cradled in the green bosom of the hills, safe anchorage for an imperial navy. Here, the broad torrent dashes from crag to chasm—there, the majestic river flows on in peaceful pomp through pastoral or sylvan valleys, and yonder

'by the skirts of the brake,
The sycamore shadows glow deep in the lake,
And the snowy swan, stirring the green shadows there,
Afloat on the waters seems floating in air!'

"But the distinguishing characteristics of Irish scenery consist, perhaps, not less strikingly in colour than in feature. The emerald of our green sward is not more unrivalled in delicate freshness, than the crystal of our waters in sparkling purity. Our rivers gush with a clearer flow, our trees of wild myrtle and native arbutus glow with a more delicate foliage than those of other climes; the very heaths and black bogs of our mountains partake of the serene influence of our climate, and with their richer tints, challenge infinite new shades and combinations from the palette of the half-baffled colourist.

"Nor are the charms of nature spread only over the surface of the landscape. Even in the more secret recesses of the earth, she delights to disclose herself in forms of peculiar fascination. The interior of numerous caverns, whether hollowed out by the workings of the restless ocean, or perforated into apartments by the incessant agi-